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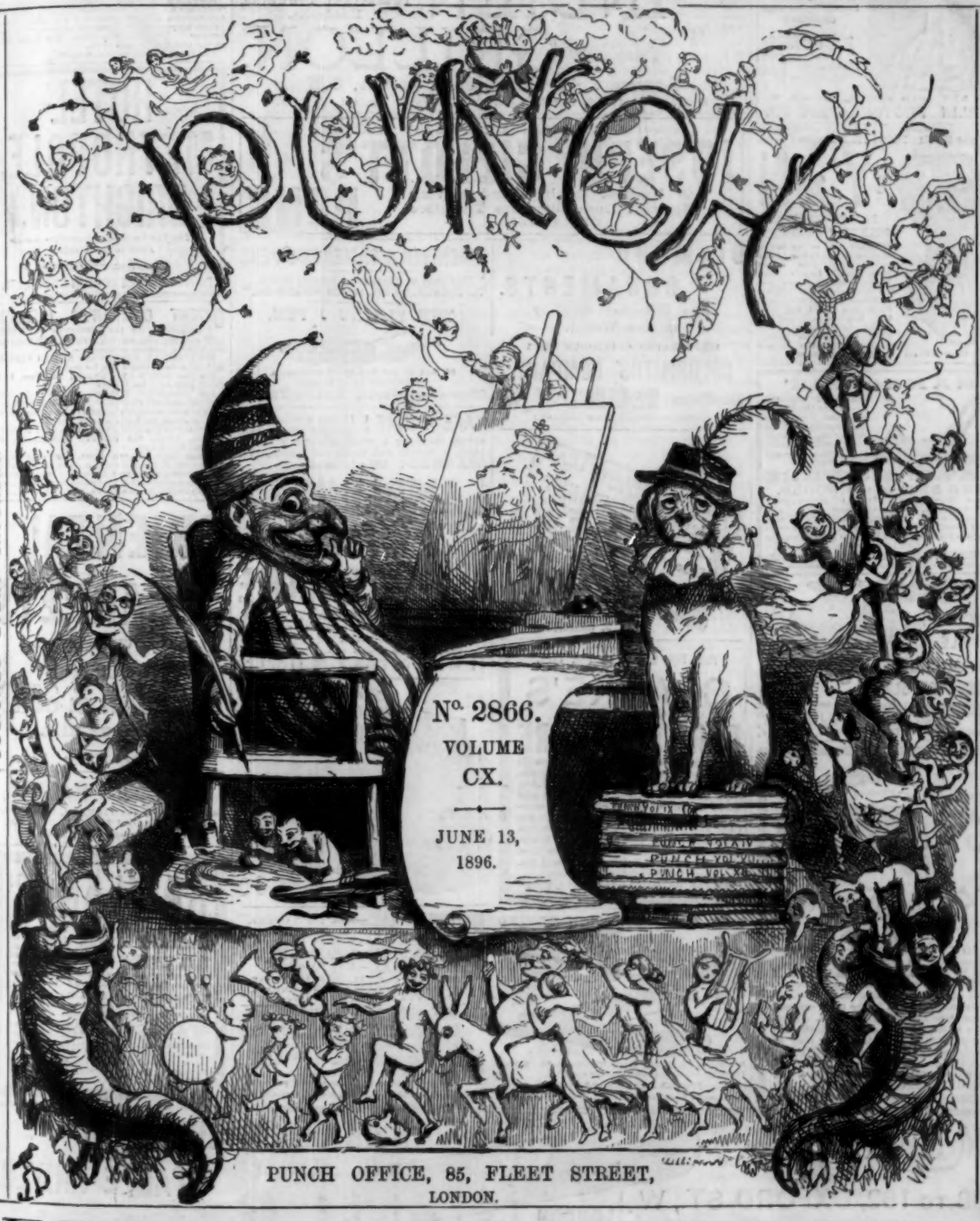

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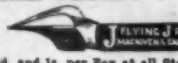

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ECONOMY.

Dolly. "WHAT DOES *THIS* MEAN? 'LADY CARNABY AT HOME. DANCING. R.S.V.P.' *IN AN OPEN ENVELOPE, WITH A HALFPENNY STAMP!*"

Hughie. "IT MEANS SHE DOESN'T CARE A HALFPENNY WHETHER YOU GO OR NOT!"

ROUNDABOUT READINGS.

MY BROTHER-IN-LAW.

(Continued.)

HERE then was HARRY once more on my hands. Though he was still a very young man, he had contrived to cram a great deal of life into a very short space of time. He had been at Cambridge, had made an army-tutor's too hot to hold him, had revelled from wealth to penury at Monte Carlo, had totally failed in business, and had apparently exhausted the resources of British Columbia. The situation was a serious one, for we were confronted with the pressing necessity of doing something for HARRY. You can't put a brother-in-law away in a drawer of your writing-table, look him up, and forget all about him, as if he were a bill, and you can't tear him up and throw him into a waste-paper basket, as if he were an appeal for a church building-fund; but apart from such drastic proceedings in the direction of total neglect and oblivion, it was difficult to see how we were to treat this returned prodigal.

HARRY, I am bound to say, was quite amiable, and showed a perfect readiness to fall in with any proposal made for his benefit. There was a fine carelessness about him that disarmed anger. "You settle it yourself, old man," he said, "I'll chip in when you tell me the band's ready to start playing."

"But you won't like the tune, you know," I observed.

"Lord bless you, I shall like *any* tune, and, look here," he continued, with a generous show of making a great concession, "I'll play any blessed instrument you like, big drum, bones, or concertina—it's all one to me. Just you settle it, and then give me the office, that's all I want." Thereupon he helped himself to one of my long cigars, rang the bell, and told my butler to bring him a whiskey and soda. All this talking, he said, made his throat as dry as a limekiln.

"BUT couldn't you suggest something yourself?" I asked "Surely you must have some preference." He pondered for a few moments, and sipped his drink. "I'll tell you what, old man," he suddenly broke out, "I've got it. I'll go to the Bar. I can eat dinners with the best of 'em, and as for going into chambers, why, I could do it on my head, wig and all. You can take me into partnership, old man, or I'll devil for you. I don't know what a chap does when he devils, but it sounds the sort of thing that might suit me. So there you are, and don't you ever say I refused to help in providing myself with a profession. I'll go to the Bar and keep on devilling all day; and I shan't want a big screw to begin with. Five or six hundred a year will do me. Is it a whack?" I had to explain to him that it was not a whack, a decision which did not impair his cheerfulness in the very least.

WHEN I consulted ALICE, she said that the poor boy must not be hurried into anything. There was lots of time, and, thank Heaven, we had money enough to support him in the meanwhile. As a practical proposal, she suggested that I ought to find a pleasant open air occupation for him, something that would keep him amused without putting too great a tax upon his intellectual faculties. Why shouldn't I send him down to look after the shooting I had taken in Suffolk? HARRY could live in the house, superintend the keepers and make preparations for the season; and as I could only get down there occasionally, the arrangement would really be advantageous to me. So said, so done. This conversation took place in the beginning of August, and in the following week HARRY started for Suffolk with one of the handsomest shooting and game-keeping outfits I have ever seen.

I HAVE no wish to linger long over the recollection of this experiment. It is enough to say that I got very little shooting myself. Somehow or other HARRY always wrote, at a time most inconvenient for me, to say that the birds really must be killed at once, and that, if I couldn't come myself, he thought he could get two or three fellows who could hold pretty straight, and, with their help, he might manage. He did manage. He and his friends had what he called a slap-up time, and lived—at my expense—on the fat of the land. ALICE certainly pointed out that it was delightful to have so many partridges and pheasants to give away to our friends, and that she always knew HARRY had a good heart, and would come right in the end. But, when I had paid all the bills, and counted the cost, I concluded that a shooting, managed in this style, was too expensive a luxury for me, especially as my own friends did not seem to fit in with HARRY'S ideas. "Those two old Q. C. johnnies," he remarked, "can't shoot for nuts; and as for the Judge, he seemed to think I was a pheasant or a rabbit, by the way he tried to pepper me. No, thanks; I'll let the coroner get along without me, if I can." On the whole, the experiment was not a success, and I determined not to repeat it. So there was HARRY on my hands again.

SINCE then we have tried a great many other plans. We took a little cottage on the Thames, and installed HARRY in it. His bill for steam-launches was colossal. We packed him off with a couple of friends for a voyage on the Norfolk Broads; we took rooms for him in a moderate hunting county, but he soon tired of that, and said Leicestershire was the only county for a man who respected himself. So, though the inference was not obvious, to Leicestershire he went, with two horses of mine, and two that he bought for himself, dirt cheap, as he told me. As to the dirt I know nothing; the cheapness I deny, especially as I had to pay for them. At present, we have quartered him out in a golfing centre, with a brand new set of clubs, and a first-class bicycle. In fact, HARRY is sampling every amusement and almost every expensive pursuit under the sun, and all at my cost. This cannot go on much longer; no income can stand it. But I am as far as ever from knowing what to do with my cheerful brother-in-law.

A Bicyclist's Adieu.

IT isn't because you said I was curt,
When you shot from your "bike" like a dart,
And curled up in all-too-promiscuous dirt,
That for ever and ever we part.
It is simply and solely—— Why secrets disclose?
But, another time, do not have holes in your hose!

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.—The Honourable and Ancient Artillery Company of Boston, U.S.A., will invade this island next month, and will be immediately made prisoners by the Prince of WALES and the H.A.C. of London. The wrongs of JOHN BULL will only be redeemed by the rites of hospitality.

JUST IN TIME.—A well-known miser is said to have backed the winner of the Derby simply because he was so Persimmonious!

"WATTS" IN A NAME?—The Derby winner's jockey.

"THE WELL GRACED ACTOR."

Mr. Punch (to the Marquis of D-ff-r-n, in last act of "Diplomacy"). "NOT FAREWELL, MY LORD, BUT '*AU REVOIR!*' HOPE SOON TO SEE YOU IN A NEW CAST!"

THE PRINCE'S PAIR;

Or, the Power of Loyalty. An Ode in Honour of the Derby (and Oaks) Day. (A long way after Dryden.)

AIR—"*Alexander's Feast.*"

'TWAS Friday, after the first Derby won
By Queen VICTORIA'S son
(With *Per-sim-mon*),
Aloft in simple state
The princely sportsman sate,
The favourite his own,
As in the Derby, in the Oaks he found.
His brow with two Blue Ribands he saw bound.
(So should a plucky Prince be crowned.)
The lovely *Thais*, side by side
With DERBY'S Oaks competitor did stride.
Alas, for *Thais*, WATTS'S pride!
It were the loveliest of loyal jokes
If he who won the Derby won the Oaks!
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserve such palms to wear!

But *Canterbury Pilgrim* thundering nigh
With RICKABY, all fire,
With flying feet draws nigher, nigher,
Trembling, triumphant notes ascend the sky!
Thais appears to tire!
The *Pilgrim* wins, by Jove!
Stirred are the crowded seats above,
(Such is the power of loyal love!) [odds!
Pilgrim shoots out—two lengths—upsets the
"Hundred to eight! How well young
RICKABY rode!
Thais is second. We had liked it best
Had she been first tho'. Well he stands the test!
His princely lip in quiet smile is curled.
We'd back him—Prince or sportsman—'gainst the world!"

* * * *

The princely "sportsman" smiled to see
The public all, of high or low degree,
With mighty sympathy a-move;
For princely pluck doth stir the crowd to love!
"The Blue Riband was no bubble,
Thais's loss his mind won't trouble.
All things must have a beginning,
What is won there's no destroying,
And the Derby *was* worth winning,
And the memory's worth enjoying.
Lovely *Thais! this* win is denied thee!
Take the gifts the gods provide thee!"
The many rend the skies with loud applause,
So Love is crowned, and Loyalty wins the cause.
The Prince, quite able to conceal his pain,
Smiles with an air
Devoid of care,
And—all the world hopes he will win again!

RESULTS BY RED TAPE.

(*A Story founded on Precedent.*)

THE crisis of the campaign had been reached. The Commander-in-Chief and the Diplomatist—each of them a celebrity of the century—had all but succeeded in bringing the matter to a satisfactory conclusion. They had worked side by side and hand in hand for years, and had together grown old in the service of their country.

"We attack the citadel to-morrow," said the soldier, "and the town, once taken, you will arrange details."

"Assuredly," replied the statesman. "I have a draft treaty drawn out which must be accepted by the enemy. This point gained, and we shall have secured peace with honour. Peace that will last a century, and honour that will endure for ever."

The colleagues—he of the pen and he of the sword—shook hands, and congratulated one another. Then they retired for the night.

The next morning they were early a field. The warrior had marshalled his men, and the diplomatist had assumed his official costume, and had supplied himself with a sheet of parchment, a couple of pens, and an inkstand.

All was ready. The commander-in-chief called his officers round him to receive final instructions, and the courtier procured a taper and a stick of sealing-wax.

It was at this moment that a Government messenger put in an appearance.

"Very sorry to disturb you, gentlemen," began the new comer, "but orders are orders, and must be obeyed."

"We have no time to attend to you," said the soldier.

"Please stand aside," added the statesman. "We will discuss the matter further when occasion permits. Remember that this is a critical moment. Recollect that I am the principal political officer."

"And I the commander-in-chief."

"Can't help that, gentlemen," responded the Government messenger; "but, as you have both reached to-day the age limit, you are compulsorily retired."

So the warrior and the statesman gave up the campaign at the critical moment. When they got home, they both received a pension. But, although the award was well earned, it was neither a pleasure to the recipients nor an advantage to the bestowers.

Still it was a triumph for red tape, and that—as every one knows—is something.

TENNYSON ON TWO EVENTS.

H.R.H. the Prince of WALES won the Derby, and H.I.M. the German EMPEROR won the yacht race, so *Mr. Punch* says to all Englishmen—

"O give him welcome!"
"This (*bowing to H.R.H.*) is he
Was great by land, as thou (*saluting the German Emperor*) by sea!"

(*Tennyson's Ode on the "Death of the Duke of Wellington."*)

A SKETCH AT MARGATE.

"IT 'S EASIER THAN I THOUGHT IT WAS!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A REFLECTIVE BRITON TO A NATATORY RUSSIAN PRINCESS.

WE read in tales from many lands
Of mermaids playing in the brine,
With looking-glasses in their hands,
And ringlets flowing free and fine.
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN has told
With perfect pathos, subtle wit,
Of that Princess with locks of gold
Who loved, but could not walk or sit.

You, too, Princess, I often dreamed
Must be a mermaid cast ashore;
Your swimming gait was what I deemed
No Naiad e'er displayed before.
You look divine with that same walk,
As down the Esplanade you sail,
And from your ever constant talk,
You must be very like a whale.

You speak with rapture of the dive
That day by day you undertake,
I marvel that you're still alive,
Your swimming feats make bathers quake.
The safety-rope you never seize,
E'en when the waves their own would claim,
You laugh at all the angry seas,
And Venus-like have earned her name.

So rhapsodizing from this height,
Where modesty bids me abide,
I look upon the clean delight
Of Woman battling with the tide.
And far below I see a shape,
Tall, skimpy, lightly clad in blue
Briseis! do that damsel drape!——
By Neptune's trident it is *you!*

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—The "mug" always consorts with the "juggins."

A DUPLEX LAMP COUNTING TWO ON A DIVISION.—The Member for Wick.

THE MODERN EDICT OF "NANTS."—Passing in swimming at Eton.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XIV.

Mr. Jabberjee's fellow-student. What's in a Title? An invitation to a Wedding. Mr. J. as a wedding guest, with what he thought of the ceremony, and how he distinguished himself on the occasion.

THERE is a certain English young fellow-student of mine—*videlicet*, HOWARD ALLBUTT-INNETT, Esquire, with whom I have succeeded in scratching an acquaintance at sundry Law Lectures, and in the Library of my Inn of Court—a most amiable tip-top young chap, who is "the moulded glass of fashionable form," and the cap-in-hand with innumerable aristocratic nobs.

Seeing that I had (at an earlier period) been a more diligent attendant and note-taker of lectures than himself, he did pay me the transcendent compliment of borrowing the loan of my note-book, which, to my grateful astonishment, he condescended to bring back personally to Porticobello House, saying that he had found my notes magnificent, and totally incomprehensible to his more limited intellect!

In *additum*, he graciously accepted my invitation to ascend to the drawing-room, where I introduced him freely to several select lady boarders as my *alter ego* and *Fidus Achates*.

On taking his leave, he expressed some marvelling that I should have concealed my superior rank under the reticence of a napkin, having observed that I was addressed as "Prince" by more than one of the softer-sexed boarders.

I replied that I attached no valid importance to the *nominis umbra* of such a barren title, and that the contents of what there is nothing in must necessarily be naught.

He answered me warmly that he entirely joined issue with me in such an opinion, and that he was often affected to sickishness by the snobbery of mundane society, adding that he hoped I would give him the look up at his paternal mansion in Prince's Square, Bayswater, shortly, since his people would be overjoyed at making my acquaintance, which both enraptured and surprised me, for hitherto he had ridden the high and rough-shoed horse, and employed me to suck my brains as a cat's foot.

And odzookers! before many days I was the recipient of a silver-lettered missive, stating that Mr. and Mrs. LEOFRIC ALLBUTT-INNETT did request the honour of Prince JABBERJEE'S company at the marriage of their daughter, CLORINDA ISABEL, with Mr. OVERTON WOODBEIGH-SMART, at a certain sacred Bayswater edifice.

This I eagerly accepted, perceiving that my friend must have eulogised to his parents my legal accomplishments and forensic acumen.

When, like *Hamlet*, I did obey in all my best, I alighting at the church in my embossed cap, shawl neckcloth, a pair of yellow glove-kids, and patented Japan shoes, the spectators saluted me with shouts of joy as the returned SHAHZADAR, which caused me to bow profusely, while the driver of the hansom petitioned an additional sixpence.

The interior of the church was dim and crowded with feminines, and I could only hear flutters and rustlings, together with a subdued mumble at the remoter end—which I ascertained to be the ceremony. Then followed the long stop and awkward pause, accompanied on the organ, and at length all the company stood on seats and the tiptoe of expectation, as the bridal procession moved slowly down the central passage amidst the congratulations of their friends and nearest relations.

"The spectators saluted me with shouts of joy as the returned Shahzadar."

Not being desirous to hide under a bushel, I did press myself forward, and addressing a lady whom I took to be the bride, I felicitated her loudly, wishing that she might never become a widow, or use vermilion on her grey head, and that she might wear the iron bangle, and get seven male children.

Unhappily the serene ray of my goodwill was born to blush unseen in the dark unfathomed cave of a desert ear, for the actual recipient of my compliments was an unmarried spinster relative, who had already passed the years of discretion.

Mrs. ALLBUTT-INNETT welcomed me with cordial effusiveness, insisting that I should honour them by visiting their residence, and critically inspecting the nuptial gifts, to which I consented.

On my arrival, I held a lengthy colloquy with the happy bridegroom, from whom I was anxious to obtain particulars of English marriage customs, such as whether he would be required to spend the evening in having his ears pulled, and other facetious banterings, by his mother-in-law and sisters-in-law, as in India.

But he seemed oppressed by so severe a bashfulness that I could extract no information from him, and presently the father of the bride came up and conducted me into an apartment wherein was a kind of bazaar, or exhibition of clocks and lamps and stationery cases and knives and forks and other trinkets and gewgaws, none of which appeared to me at all different from similar objects in shop windows.

However, the greatest admiration and wonderment were expressed by all who entered, and I found that the host was under grave apprehensiveness that the presents might be looted by the more unscrupulous of the guests, for he pointed out to me a sharp-eyed, shy gentleman in a corner, who, he informed me, was a disguised police-officer. This, at first, I was loth to believe, but was assured that it was a necessary precaution.

Still, I will presume to point out that the simulation by a policeman of the ordinary character of a friend of the family and fellow-rejoicer, is a rather reprehensible trap to catch a sleeping weasel, since those whose honesty is not invariably above par may be lulled into the false security by his civilian get-up. And I did assure him, privately, that it was totally unnecessary to keep an eye on myself, who was a native Universaity man with no necessity or natural taste for peculation, but that I would infallibly inform him if I should succeed at detecting any attempted dishonesty.

Later I was ushered into the refreshment-room, and partook of a pink ice, with champagne-wine and strawberries, after which I entreated leave of Mrs. ALLBUTT-INNETT to deliver a nuptial oration. And she, overjoyed at my happy thought, did loudly request silence for Prince JABBERJEE, who was to utter a few very brief utterances.

So as they became all ears, I addressed them, describing how, in my native country, at such a bridal feast and blow-out, it was customary for the bridegroom's mother to eat a sevenfold repast, for fear of a subsequently empty stomach; but the bride's mother, on the contrary, will touch nothing, feeling that the more she fasts then, the more provender will fall to her later on. And I rather facetiously added that, on the present occasion, I had the certainty that both the mothers might indulge their appetites *ad libitum*.

Next I recounted how, during a former boyish wedding of my own, my wife's mother after, as was befitting, setting a conical tinselled cap upon my head, and placing ten rings of twigs upon my ten fingers, and binding my hands with a weaver's shuttle, did say, "I have bound thee, and bought thee with cowries, and put a shuttle between thy fingers; now bleat then like a lamb." Whereupon I, being of a jokish disposition, did, unexpectedly and contrary to usage, cry "Baa" loudly, thereby causing my mother-in-law to fear that

I was a dull—until that night in the Zenana she had the great happiness to overhear me outwitting all the females present by the sprightliness of my badinage. And I was proceeding, amidst vociferous cachinnation, to enumerate some of my most lively sallies, when the bride's father did take me by the arm, and drawing me aside, inform me that the young couple were just about to start for their wedding journey, and that I was urgently required to see them depart.

I observed that here, as with us, it is *de règle* to scatter rice upon the head of the bridegroom—but neither treacle nor spices. Moreover, this complimentary shower is extended to the bride and the carriage-horses, and hurled with athletic vigorousness, while it is a point of honour to knock off the coachman's hat with a female satin slipper.

I was disappointed to see that both the happy pair had cast aside their gorgeous wedding garments, and put on quite ordinary and everyday attire, which, if not due to excessive parsimoniousness, must originate in a shamefaced desire to conceal their state of connubiality, though it might be reasonably anticipated that they should rather be anxious to manifest their triumphant good-luck *pro bono publico*.

ANCIENT BAS-RELIEF. "SIC ITUR AD ASCOT."

AFTER THE EPSOM WEEK IS OVER.

(To the Editor of Punch.)

So you see, Sir, you were right in trusting me. I gave you, as I promised, the absolute winner for the Derby. But more, Sir. If you followed my fancy, not only did you get *Persimmon*, but *St. Frusquin* and *Earwig*. It is not often that a racing prophet can boast of having given the absolute "one, two, three," of the Blue Riband of the Turf. But I did it. Yes, Sir, I plumped for the Field. And the placed ones were in the Field. But it is only right and proper that you should share the merit of your conscientious and right-minded contributor. If I indicated, with absolute accuracy, the heroes of the hour, or, I should say, the observed of all observers of the something less than three minutes, you, pluckily, hours before the race was decided, published a portrait of the winner!

There is only one slight drawback to the satisfaction of the moment. Those who have won through this marvellous production, have not yet sent, as requested, a percentage of their winnings. This oversight corrected, and the great British public will receive not only the congratulations, but the respect of IXION THE WHEELER.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday.—DRURIOLANUS confers great benefit on old, middle-aged, and young stagers, or, rather, opera-goers, by giving *Martha* with a remarkably good, and in the case of NED DE RESZKE, an exceptional caste. Just now, than MARIE ENGEL, no better representative of the English *Martha*, whose *petit nom* is "*Patty*," a joke which escaped both *Nedreszké-Plumketto* (so printed, though surely it ought to be with an "n," not an "m"; but still, "N or M," as the case may be, there is more than one "Plum" in this part) and the amiable lover, *Lionello-Cremonini*, who, in the last act, might have substituted "*Patty! Patty!*" for "*Martha! Martha!*" to the well-known air. However, the opera went capitally without this slight alteration. Then again, the opera being an old one, and with one delightful typically English air in it, "*The Last Rose of Summer*," a second chance was lost by NED DE RESZKÉ-PLUMPUDDINGKETTO, when making up to the *soubrette Nancy*, played and sung with lady-like archness by Madame MANTELLI, omitting to sing "*I would I were with Nancy*," an innovation which, I am sure, Signor BEVIGNANI would have permitted, and would have orchestrated with the greatest pleasure.

The first scene of *Martha* is laid at Richmond, which at this date, somewhere about the time of ROBIN HOOD, to judge by the costume, was, it appears, overlooked by an Alpine range, including a suspicion of snow-capped mountains. The Surrey hills, always a fair scene, must have been very different then, as seen in this Fair Scene (in the second half of Act I.), to what they are nowadays. Evidently they have been considerably cut down since the time of *Plumkako* and *Sceriffo, alias* "Sheriff." NED DE RESZKÉ, with jovial drinking song and dance, obtained a tremendous *encore*. The dance did it. What a first-rate *Henry the Eighth* he would make! Let Sir DRURIOLANUS look to it.

The remainder of week given up to encores of already performed operas. In smooth water; and *Martha* again next Thursday.

A LITTLE MOSCOW-RAID.

[*By a party of* 170 *revellers, led by an active chap-Perowne, who have visited Russia to witness the Coronation.*]

To Moscow we've been, and the show we have seen,
And now we're returning to Britain,
Our tales to recount, despite the amount
Of stuff that's already been written.

We English all found, as we trotted around,
That the Russians were mightily civil;
The croakers' alarms at the troubles and harms
We should meet with might well be called "drivel."

If we photo'd or sketched, 'twas said we'd be fetched
By gendarmes and removed to Siberia;
While scribbling was banned by the law of the land—
All these warnings were simple hysteria!

Like Britishers bold, in each palace we strolled,
With our visiting cards as mere *permit*;
The police let us through, without further ado,
Surprised by our "cheek," as I'll term it.

We kodaked the Czar and his entry bizarre,
And felt not a qualm nor a trembling;
Quite free of all charge, we wandered at large
O'er the place I must spell as the "Krembling."

We came and we saw and were conquered—no flaw
Could we find in the pageant of wonders;
If we think we could beat this spectacular treat,
We make just the biggest of blunders!

If only they'd spend a few roubles, and mend
Those pavements that shake you to pieces,
To Moscow we'd burn straightway to return—
'Tis a town where delight never ceases!

And if ever the Russ should abolish the fuss
About passports, as done by BRITANNIA,
Why then, when we part, we could say from our heart
The Slav *au revoir*—"*do svidanya!*"

"NOT YSAYELY BUT TOO WELL."—I say that YSAYE's last concert takes place on Saturday next. Ysaye-turday? Why not say some other day, when it wouldn't clash (which is inharmonious) with the Sarasate Concert? If YSAYE were a Ysaye-acre, he would have made some other arrangement. Y saye this now? Never too late. Will YSAYE oblige, and play BACH'S famous *Chaconne in D minor*? Forwards! always, but "try BACH," is the modern musician's motto. Perhaps some amateurs there be who do not care for the *Chaconne*. They should be "well Chaconne before taken" to hear the performance. But, after all, "*Chaconne à son goût.*" And at this we leave it.

FROM ARMENIA TO CORNWALL.—The SULTAN'S confidential emissary, the Ritter MICHEL VON NEWLINSKY—or, as he is a distinguished Austrian journalist, let us call him "the Writer MICHEL"—when he has settled the diplomatic difficulty, will take advantage of his name, which proclaims his Cornish origin (he was born under a "*Newlyn sky*"), to proceed to Cornwall and settle the Newlyn strikers difficulty. The artists there will welcome him at the Newlyn School.

CREAMERY AND CASH.—See the profits from ice-cream, lemonade, water ices, &c.? About 500 per cent., according to case in Sheriff's Court. Why not a boom in ginger-beer? De Ginger-Beers much better than De Beers.

RATIONAL COSTUME.

The Vicar of St. Winifred-in-the-Wold (to fair Bicyclists). IT IS CUSTOMARY FOR MEN, "I WILL NOT SAY *GENTLEMEN*, TO REMOVE THEIR HATS ON ENTERING A CHURCH!"

Confusion of the Ladies Rota and Ixiona Bykewell.

OUR OWN EASTERN QUESTION.

(A New Tale of a "Tub.")

["It is pitiable, and, indeed, intolerable, that the great population of Plaistow, Canning Town, and all the rest of South West Ham, should be destitute of such a necessity of healthy life as a public bath and wash-house."
F. M. Marvin, H. M. Inspector of Schools.]

"RATED up to the eyes," yet unblest with a bath! [Far East!
That's a sweet pretty picture of London's
A pleasant incentive to choosing the path
That divideth the man, although poor, from the beast.
Our workaday London must be a nice pitch
For the poor Plaistow victim of drudging and dirt,
Whose only cheap "tub" is a dip in a ditch,
A "bath" which would soil e'en a Casual's shirt! [Lea
The foul, stagnant sewage, that trickles from
Into a marsh dyke, *is* a sweet sort of "tub"!
And life must be full of decorum and glee,
Without chance of a plunge, without hope of a scrub! [bard,
Why even the dread "Purple East" of the
Though bloodstained, is not grimed and bathless, like ours;
And WATSON might find our "Black East," Trade's backyard,
Furnish fine themes for wrath, as the Turk and the Pow'rs;
Messrs. ALDEN and MARVIN might give him a text
For sermons in sonnets, with swear-words adorned,
And Wealth in the West, by scant water unvext,
Which the poor "Great Unwashed" has so oftentimes scorned,
Might learn it *is* hard for the poor to keep clean,
With no baths, whether private or public, at hand.
When water is wanted to keep the earth green, [land;
Church petitions find voices all over the
But who lifts a prayer for our poor tubless East,
And our Waterless Babies—as KINGSLEY might say?
This *would* be a theme for the author of *Yeast*,
Who pointed such pertinent lessons in play.
Conceive, gentles all, in such weather as this,
A life amidst dirt, undispelled by a dip!
A bathless existence! Sweet Sir, if you miss
Your dear morning tub, its cool lave, its nerve-whip,
How wretched you'd be, and how angry withal!
And what of a roll in a Regent's-lane ditch?
Punch pities the poor in such plight, and must call
On the pity—and purse—of the bath-loving rich.
Mr. ALDEN, of Mansfield House, Canning Town pleads
To the West for the East! chance of plunge, dip, and scrub.
Give the Waterless East what that same sorely needs,
That's the moral of *Punch's* New Tale of a Tub!

THE NEW ORDER OF VALOUR.

THE parade-ground presented a scene of unusual brilliancy. All the rank and talent of the country were there to do honour to the gallant girl whose bravery was to be suitably rewarded. The gracious lady who had undertaken the task of giving the decoration to the courageous recipient wore an expression of satisfaction at having so pleasing a duty to perform. All was sunshine—atmospheric as well as mental.

The important moment arrived, and then the maiden, wearing the costume in which she had performed her doughty deeds—divided skirt, smart coat and waistcoat, and dainty straw hat—approached the dais. She bowed smilingly as the worthy rival to the Victoria Cross was fixed to her button-hole.

Then there came a mighty shout. Hats were waved, handkerchiefs were fluttered, and parasols were agitated, in token of applause. The enthusiasm was marvellous. Only one person was astonished in that vast throng—an intelligent foreigner.

"Can you tell me," said the stranger from afar, addressing a police-constable, "why is it that everybody is so pleased that that young lady has got her splendid decoration?"

"Because," returned the protector of the Law, "she has richly earned it. She has survived a forlorn hope."

"And what has she done?"

"She has gone through an entire London season on a bicycle without an accident, and is being decorated for her luck and valour."

And the foreigner, being intelligent, wondered no longer.

AN APPEAL.

INDIA. "I HAVE FOUND THE *MEN*, SAHIB!—WHY SHOULD I FIND THE *MONEY TOO?*"
JOHN BULL. "'PON MY WORD, MY DEAR, I REALLY DON'T SEE WHY YOU SHOULD!"

THE CHAPERON'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Now that the London season is at its height, I suppose it may be assumed that you are becoming weary?

Answer. Not so much as might reasonably be expected, as habit is second nature, and the duties of a chaperon are practically continuous.

Q. But do you not obtain rest in the country?

A. Not when one's charge has been out for more than a year, and has no time to lose.

Q. Has it not been suggested that chaperons are superfluous?

A. The idea was imported from America, but was discarded when the New Woman was voted out of date.

Q. Then a *débutante* still requires a guide?

A. Certainly; who should also be a philosopher and a friend.

Q. What are the duties of a chaperon to her charge?

A. To attend her to garden-party, concert, opera, or ball, and to suggest a vague superintendence over her movements.

Q. May a chaperon indulge in any of the pleasures of her charge?

A. Until recently she might dance at balls, but the mode is now considered antiquated.

Q. Is it permitted to her to sleep on duty?

A. The correct answer to this question depends on circumstances. If an eligible *parti* is present repose is sometimes not only permissible, but beneficial; but a chaperon can never be sufficiently wideawake in the neighbourhood of a detrimental.

Q. Is not the wear and tear of a nightly tour of revelry trying to health and strength?

A. Yes; and consequently Sunday entertainments are to be deprecated, as an addition to a burthen already sufficiently irksome.

Q. Can you suggest anything better than supper after the play, to be followed by a couple or so of crushes and a drive home by daylight?

A. Yes; a day off at home, yielding a good night's rest.

Q. If the functions of a chaperon are so trying and disagreeable, why are they assumed?

A. Because, as the mother or nearest friend of her charge, the chaperon, naturally, is either actuated by duty or affection.

Q. And what is the highest aim the chaperon has in view?

A. To secure for her charge a suitable marriage.

Q. What is a suitable marriage?

A. One giving wealth, rank, and an easy-going husband.

Q. And having secured these boons for her charge, should a chaperon be contented?

A. Entirely. She should be happy with a happiness saddened only by one painful reflection—that at some distant date the charge she has chaperoned may become, poor girl! a chaperon herself.

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

L-rd Ch-f J-st-ce (*to Sir H-nry Irv-ng*). "YOU SEE, WE ARE GOING 'ON TOUR' IN THE STATES, AND SO—(*diffidently*)—YOU ASK HIM, L-CKW-D."

Sir Fr-nk L-ckw-d, Q.C., M.P. "WELL, ME AND MY PARDNER, SO TO SPEAK, WANT TO KNOW IF YOU AND J-HN H-RE CONSIDER OUR 'MAKE UP' AS CORRECT FOR THE BUSINESS?"

Sir H. I. "WELL—UM—(*to J. H-re*)—WHAT DO YOU THINK?"

J. H-re (*pleasantly*). "I THINK THEY LOOK 'A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.' BUT (*apologetically*) THAT WAS A BIG SUCCESS IN THE STATES."

[*Séance closed.*

A FULFILLED PROPHECY.

"WHEN American fruit 's on the run"
Was my tip. And the biscuit or bun
By my foresight was easily won—
As every race-goer owns—
So I beg that the gents with the winnings
Won't neglect to stump up on my innings.
Cheques payable to
DARBY JONES.

APROPOS COINCIDENCE.—The Princess of WALES and her daughters dined at Derby House on Wednesday, June 3.

IN THE BRITISH LION'S DEN.—Captain DANN, ringmaster at the Agricultural Hall.

GOOD GOLFING GROUNDS.—The North and South "Fore"-lands.

THE "FOURTH" FORM AT ETON.

BY JOYNES MINOR.

FOURTH of June a fine day, all the finer for being also a *dies non*. Much pleased with my new "bags," especially ordered for the occasion; ditto with jacket and white waistcoat: altogether a triumph of BROWN'S. Sorry I threw that bale of cloth at his head the other day. My button-hole—a red rose—most effective, and "matches my complexion"; Major, who is up at Cambridge now, said combination reminded him of history reversed, viz., the roses of the Warre. Cheek this! Sweltering heat during speeches in Upper School; bust of PORSON positively perspired. Don't particularly care about speeches, but went in hope of seeing CROAKSON, my sixth-form fag-master, make an ass of himself. He did so—stumbling all over his speech from ARISTOPHANES' *Frogs*; was delighted—served him right for calling me a "lazy little skug."

Shirked "absence"; if complained of, shall say I was "staying-out," suffering from absent-mindedness. SKINNY and LIL minor, shirked too; prospect of a "swiping" for us to-morrow: never mind, we shall "swing, swing together," as our boating song says. My new "patents" rather painfully tight, so went with Major to rest my Trilbies for a moment, and have an ice in a "sock" shop. Met our "people," and lunched with them at the *White Hart* (people rather a bore, but, of course, unavoidable). Father, as usual, got up in execrable taste; feel inclined to ask him where he got that hat, but, being hopeful of substantial tip, don't. Paid off old tick at JOBY'S out of *Persimmon* winnings; by the way, so glad the Prince won, believe the whole school was "on" him. Watched the dry-bobs in Upper Club: Major assumes superior air of cricket connoisseur, just because he was twelfth man at Lord's last year (I hope to get my "sixpenny" myself this summer). Take Major down a peg by mentioning how "Buns" THORNTON hit him over the trees for six twice running. He does side so much about his "slows."

Saw little SKIPPY NIGHTMAN (the "beak" on a "bike") come such a cropper off his wheel in crowded High Street; grinned with joy, and "capped" him respectfully. Am "up to" him for mathematics, and shan't forget in a hurry his keeping me in "after twelve" on St. Andrew's Day, to do a beastly "extra work." Spoke to young KOSMO WILKINSON, cox of the *Thetis*, who was bursting with pride (and strawberry squash) on account of his admiral's uniform and "cabbage," which he called a "bookie." Followed the procession of boats in a steam-launch to Surley Hall, where we dined.

Ripping race home to Brocas, where BROCK'S fireworks "went off" brilliantly. Appropriately to result of yesterday's great race, the leading boats were the *Victory* and the *Prince of Wales*. Father gave me a fiver (hardly sufficient atonement for his hat, though), which Major at once wanted to borrow. Not much! Said "Good-bye" to people, and saw them safely off. Then met LIL minor and SKINNY. Went to "tap," and recklessly attempted the "Long Glass." Back to my dame's at 11 P.M.—one hour after "lock-up." Let us eat, drink, and be merry to-day, for to-morrow we——are swished. *Floreat Etona!*

THE POLITICAL "FIVE O'CLOCK."

THE NEW ARRANGEMENTS ARE DAILY ATTRACTING A "FRESH-AERATED AND WELL BRED" COMPANY TO THE TERRACE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Coachman. "NOW THEN, CABBY, GET ALONG, WILL YER!"
Cabby. "WHY, WHAT 'S YOUR 'URRY! *YOU* AIN'T PAID BY THE JOB!"

OUR DERBY PROPHECY.

WHERE be your Prophets now? And where be your "Profits," if you did not avail yourselves of the Tip *par excellence* given in *Mr. Punch's* Derby Cartoon last Wednesday? Oracles are for the wise, and is not a veil, a Derby Day veil, a part of the Prophet's attire? Was not H.R.H.'s *Persimmon* evidently *Mr. Punch's* "tip" as clear as the noonday sun? A prophecy to be read by those who ran, or who were interested in the runners. *Mr. Punch* takes this, his earliest opportunity, of heartily congratulating H.R.H. on the most popular event of the year. Winners, on this occasion, won with additional pleasure, and losers felt their losses less. Wrote "PAVO" in the *Morning Post*: "So far as the tip was concerned, *Punch's* remarkable cartoon, with its admiration of the Prince of WALES as 'a good sportsman,' in 'wishing him luck on his first Derby,' will go down to posterity as one of the most triumphant predictions ever published." Wasn't it evident to the astute Reader of Riddles that there was a "*Purse*" in *Persimmon*?

The Onus of Obstruction.

(*By any Party Politician.*)

OBSTRUCTION for *our* side hath no seduction;
For when we 're out it is not *called* Obstruction!
When we are in Obstruction blares and bellows,
But then the fault is with—those other fellows!

QUESTION FOR NEXT YEAR.—Cannot the "Royal Military Tournament" be put under the management of Sir DRURIOLANUS, and be brought up to Olympia or Earl's Court? Or why could there not be a big circus temporarily erected for the show in Regent's Park?

AS MIGHT BE EXPECTED.—Mr. BARLOW, the new Member for the Frome Division, owes his election entirely to the popularity of his pupils, Messrs. SANDFORD and MERTON.

LORD DUFFERIN'S FAREWELL SONG.—"*Parigi O Cara!*"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 1.—Back after Whitsun holidays; at least some four or five score of us. The SQUIRE still lingers at Malwood amid the other June roses. PRINCE ARTHUR looked in at question time; as soon as light railways were brought into station, got himself shunted. Quiet, business-like sitting tempered by CALDWELL. Began to count number of speeches he made; providentially fell asleep midway in computation. When I awoke CALDWELL was moving to insert in Clause 4 "when required in the interests of agriculture."

Principal attraction found on the Terrace. Transformation scene in one respect. ROBERT, who used sometimes to bring you the tea you had ordered but generally to take it to someone else, has been superseded. In his place trips neat-handed PHYLLIS in black frock, white apron, and spotless cambric cap. HENRY HOWORTH gloomily surveys scene from doorway. Nothing will induce him to cross the threshold.

"What we are coming to," he said in muffled tones, "I really don't know. The other day we had women in possession of Westminster Hall. To-night they swarm the Terrace. One thing I am grateful for is that my old friend and companion dear, DICKY TEMPLE, hasn't lived to see this day. Of course I mean lived in a Parliamentary sense. Outside the House he's younger, handsomer, and more vigorous than ever; ready to succeed ELGIN at Calcutta and Simla, if the MARKISS insists. Anyhow he's out of Parliament, and a happy man at that. This engagement of waitresses on the Terrace is opening the door of the House itself to the thin end of the wedge of Female Suffrage. Shall go off and write letter to *Times* on subject. Haven't given them anything lately."

As for Colonel MARK, uncle (on the Coldstream Guard side) of FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., he sat at a table all by himself, surveying the scene which owed its inception to his fertile brain, its execution to his discriminating hand. With new cork hat pushed to miraculous angle at back of his head, he sat, a wan smile flickering over countenance of scholarly pallor.

"On occasions like this, TOBY, dear boy," he said, "prose won't do for *me*. I must drop into poetry. Don't be afraid. Under new

Kitchen Committee regulations no extra charge. O Woman," he continued, reverentially removing the cork hat, without which he never ventures to cross the Channel—

"O Woman, in our hour of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
Come, brave the cooling Terrace breeze,
And serve our five o'clocker teas."

Business done.—Light Railways advanced along report stage; rate not exceeding eight miles an hour.

Tuesday.—Cap'en TOMMY, marooned in the early Forties on an island in the Corsican Archipelago, wore through the weary hours by mastering the Italian tongue. Comes in useful now; enables him to master contents of Green Book issued by Italian Government, setting forth communications passing between the MARKISS and Italian Foreign Office on subject of Soudan. Apparently only two copies of precious volume in London. The CAP'EN has one stowed in his hammock; GEORGE CURZON spends his nights and days at Foreign Office studying the other. CAP'EN to-night paid out long cable of questions culled from Green Book. JOHN MORLEY, DILKE, and SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE chimed in. These easily put on one side. At least they haven't got the Green Book, and speak only by hearsay. The CAP'EN literally speaks by the book. No more shaking him off than was found possible by the wedding guest in the case of another Ancient Mariner.

The Under Secretary could not choose but hear. Some choice left him in matter of answering questions. Elected to make none, or hardly any. Scene closed with vague impression that there is something wrong at the Foreign Office; that the *X* rays of Cap'en TOMMY's remaining eye have pierced the veil; that the MARKISS has been thrown into a state of extreme nervous unrest; and that even GEORGE CURZON's imperturbability has been punctured as if it were merely a pneumatic tyre.

"I wonder at you, of all men, CAP'EN," said SARK. "You have your little flare-ups from time to time; but you sit behind your leaders, and are too old a salt not to know the respect due to the Admiral. Remember I was once staying down at Middle Hall, in Worcestershire, with old friend THOMAS PHILLIPPS. Going through his library, he showed me precious fifteenth-century manuscript, being the *Itinerarium* of AMBROSIUS CAMALDULENSIS. The manuscript is, in the main, written in Latin. But, as Sir THOMAS pointed out, when the learned General of the Camalduli monks came to record the peccadilloes of monks or nuns of his own order, he wrote in Greek. Do you see the pretty moral that underlies this story? and don't you think it is applicable to conduct of a good Ministerialist?"

The CAP'EN's eye, which, long-scanning the ocean, has taken on a shade of its colour and assumed some of its depth, glistened.

"I see," he said, rubbing the side of his nose with the hook that better serves him than an ordinary man's right hand. "But Greek wouldn't suit the tack I'm sailing, so I haven't stowed any."

Business done.—Light Railways through Committee.

Thursday.—Who was it of whom the poet remarked that he was

Problematically pious, but indubitably drunk?

No one in the House of Commons, I'm sure, whether big or little, having cathedral connections, or chumming in chapel. Line recurs to SARK's inconsequential mind as he yawns through the slow hours, and from time to time awakes to the conclusion that the House is problematically busy, but indubitably dull. Light Railways on again. Started very well with RITCHIE in guard's van. At first seemed as if it would reach terminus "on time," as they say in the United States. At junction with Clause 13 line blocked; for more than hour train didn't advance a yard. Steam-whistle blown for Closure; no notice taken by signalman in box at table. Another long wait; steam-whistle on again; this time signal answered; points closed; train moved on—to be blocked again, and so laid up for the night, with destination still far off.

"Talk about your Big Wheel," said RITCHIE; "it's quite a revolving cataclysm compared with trying to work an innocent Bill through this House now the Opposition, having tasted blood at an all-night sitting, have won two seats at bye-elections. If these things are done in the dry of a Light Railway Bill, what will it be in the green of the Education Bill?"

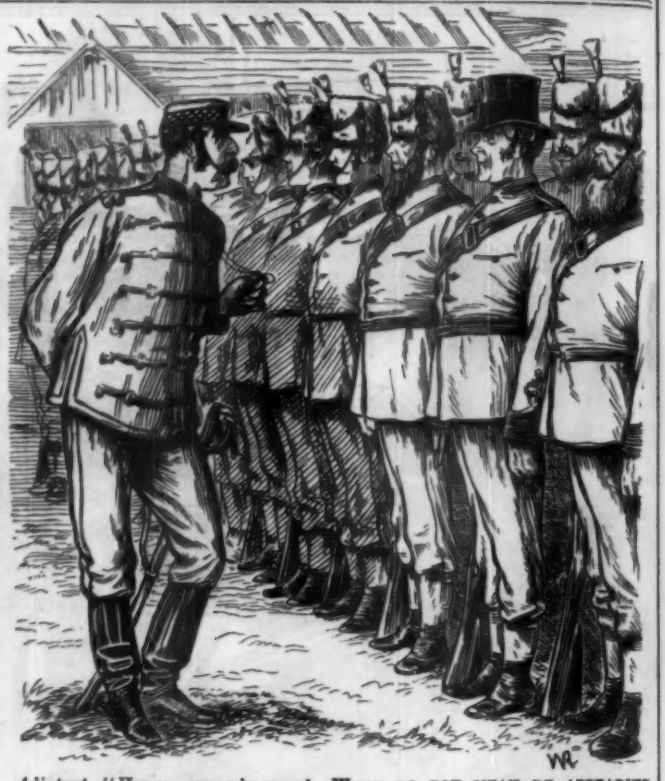
Lighting his short black clay, doffing his lantern with a jerk, and muttering an unparliamentary remark about the early time at which workmen's trains on the Underground are knocked off, the irate guard set off on his weary walk home.

Business done.—Light Railways Bill blocked again.

Friday.—Chairman of Committee on Private Bills wandering about House in forlornist mood. Looks as if he had lost his way down one of the hills that girdle far-off Fingen. SARK says he is huffed about that hat. It is his business to be in attendance every day at three o'clock. Takes seat on Treasury Bench. Clerk reads out list of Private Bills. FINGEN, making response, lifts his hat and says, "To-morrow," "Thursday," "Monday," or whatever day may be fixed for further procedure. This all very well once in a way; but to go on day after day through a list of Bills as long as a mountain path tells upon a hat, however stout the brim. At beginning of Session proposal talked of that provision should be made in Civil Service Estimates for two new hats per Session for Private Bill Committee Chairman. Nothing came of it, not even a Glengarry.

"Bother the hat!" said FINGEN, with petulance unusual in man of angelic temperament.

"Ah," said SARK, watching him as he went down the corridor, meaning to go into the library and, losing his way, straying into the newspaper room, "I know what it is. It's LOWTHER. Pulled him up, you know, the other night when he was discoursing on Light Railways Bill; warned him of irrelevance; finally ordered him to resume his seat. Nice position this for Chairman of Private Bills Committee. Worse than the beasts of the field. Dog won't eat dog, but Chairman of Committee of Ways and Means is not above trampling upon Chairman of Committee on Private Bills. No wonder FINGEN 's upset." *Business done.*—In Committee of Supply.



Adjutant. "HULLO, WHAT'S THIS? WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY APPEARING IN A DASHED POT HAT?"

Volunteer (coolly). "FACT IS, I'VE NO OTHER, AS MY WIFE MADE A MUFF OF MY BUSBY!"

Rhyme on the Relief Bill.

(By Mr. Ch-pl-n.)

I FONDLY hoped sweet Frome would say
"For this Relief much thanks!"
But no! Frome coldly turns away,
And—joins the ROSEBERY ranks!
Alas! that any Bill of mine
Should help to swell that "thin *Rad* line"

A PUZZLER.—"For the life of me," exclaimed Mr. MATTHEW MUDDEL, "I cannot understand what the 'Christy Minstrelsy' can have to do with foreign politics." Nor did it seem clear to anyone until some person more enlightened than the others suggested that for Christy Minstrelsy should be substituted "the CRISPI Ministry." "Of course!" said MUDDEL; "that's it."

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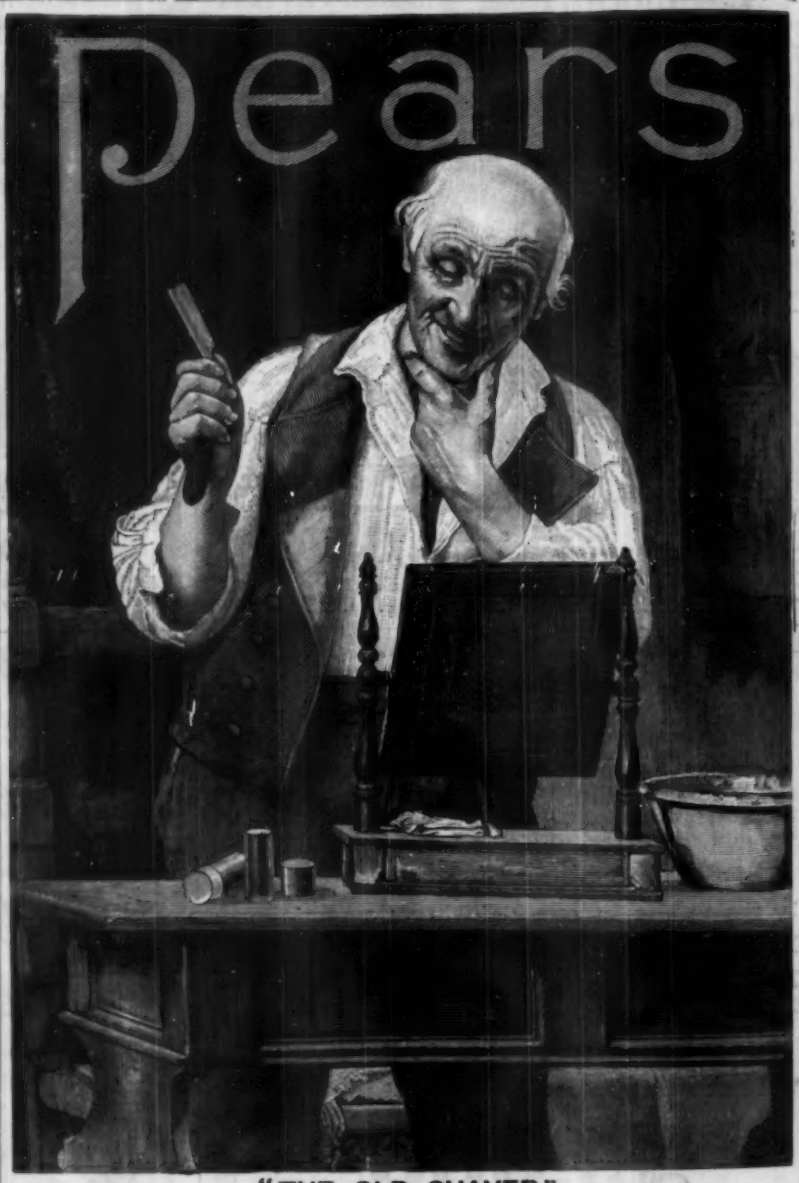

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